

THE SNARE.

AS I along the *Mall* one Evening walk'd,
I heard two Voices, but saw none that talk'd ;
It being dusk, I endeavour'd to draw near,
Being Curious in these times some News to hear :
When listening earnestly I understood
That they were Persons near Ally'd in Blood.
How their Discourse began, I can't declare,
But this that follows, is what I did hear.

Brother, When I your Name and Place did bear,
I fought the Peoples Love before their Fear,
And by that Means both Fear and Love I got,
From the Rich Ermin to the Ruffet Coat :
And now you find what I have oft declared,
The Vulgar must be Loved, or they'll be Fear'd :
They'll Suffer long, and much, but once Enraged,
Devouring Flames more easie are Aswag'd.
When urg'd past Reason, they'll no Reason hear,
Nor Credit ought, that you can say, or swear.
Your Word once broke, none values it all,
Though Heav'n and Earth for Witnesses you call :
Had you, like me, kept on the Vizor still,
You with more Ease had wrought 'em to your Will ;
But when the Game is by the Huntsman Scar'd,
'Twere a Folly, if they should Neglect their Guard.
You know the *Irish* I at distance kept,
Who in an Instant to your Bosom crept.
I soon discern'd how 'gainst the Hair it went
For *Irishmen* to sit in Parliament.

They are obnoxious in their Conversation,
And ought to be Confin'd to their own Nation ;
Their Honour is proportion'd to their Sence,
Their Language, Lying, Oaths and Impudence,
With which Accomplishments they serve their Prince.
For if they are *Irish*, 't must be understood,
They're qualified for all that's Great and Good :
Which with much ease all sober Men may gather,
By the Success you've had since they came hither.
But if you'd clear the Mists before your Eyes,
You'd see how you are made their Prey and Prize,
Swallowing with haste those poison'd Notions down,
Of Priests and Mac's, and Sycophants o'th' Gown,

While your poor Flocks for safety from you fly,
And in your Bosom Woolves and Tygers lie.
When to defend their Liberty and Laws,
A needful Sword Unwillingly each draws ;
And Neighbouring Princes to their Succors come,
Knowing too well the Cruelties of *Rome* :
Witness the fatal Engines they prepare
Against their yet intended Massacre,
Their Cauldrons, Gridirons, Bridles, Spits and Swords,
Envenom'd Shirts, and their Tormenting Cords,
Their Boots of Boiling Oyl, Tortures and Racks,
Their barbarous Priests, and the more barbarous Mac's,
Their Half-Crown Cut-Throats kept three Years in pay
To help to bear the Burden of the Day.

Now to be baulk'd in such an Expectation,
And your Designs made publick through the Nation ;
To be Abandon'd by your Friends and Forces,
Who all Abominate such Horrid Courses.
Now to be Question'd for the things you've Acted,
Wou'd make a much more Solid Man Distracted ;
And after all for a continual Curse,
To be by one damn'd Fury Tortur'd worse.

Now those who in your blindfold Counsels sat,
May take a Prospect of their Future State,
But can no more resist, than alter Fate.

Nay, they'd forsake you, and to t'her run,
But that of all the World, 'tis him they'd shun :
They hang about you still with fainting Hopes,
And Dream each Night of Axes and of Ropes ;
Their Countenance is fall'n, and they declare,
Like *Cain*, Their Punishment they cannot bear.

Now, Sir, prepare against the Day of Trial,
You deal with such as will have no Denial ;
I know it suits not with your haughty Mind,
To stoop to any thing of Humane Kind :
But Patience upon Force has oft Been known,
To be endur'd, though Coveted by none.

You see while others Ruin you prepare,
Your self is Headlong fall'n into the Snare.